

BREAKING THE BOUNDARIES BETWEEN LIFE AND FICTION: THE MOTHER-DAUGHTER TALE(S) IN JENNY DISKI'S *LIKE MOTHER*

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Within the body, growing as a graft, indomitable, there is an other
Julia Kristeva

What does the mother die of? What disabilities does the baby have? It's very difficult to follow a story that begins at the end. How can you have reached a conclusion when there's no beginning or middle?
Like Mother, Jenny Diski

1. Framing Jenny Diski's narrative

As stressed by a number of critics (Kenyon, 1988; Kenyon, 1991; Humm, 1991; Werlock, 2000; Wick Sizemore, 2002), after World War II contemporary British women novelists have given a new meaning to the novel as a genre. Writers like Lessing, Warner, Brookner, Drabble, Weldon, Byatt, Winterstone or Zadie Smith, to name just a few, have shifted the focus of literary interest to topics that constitute the backbone of a gendered reinterpretation of society and cultural history. Sexuality, the body or family ties have become significant sources of analysis and formal literary experimentation. Subjectivity becomes then a site of interrogation and, as Susanne Becker points out in her discussion on the use of gothic themes and imagery in feminist fiction: "...this takes into account the cultural construction of literary forms -genre- but also the cultural coding of sex-gender" (1999: 17). But if we take a look at the many published studies on contemporary British women writers, what strikes the reader is that in spite of the fair amount of excellent critical work on the topic, it is especially arduous to find references to one of the most complex, captivating and, at times, disquieting writers of the last twenty years, Jenny Diski.

In one of the few academic published analyses on Jenny Diski's writing, Hans Werner (1999) suggests that Chaotics is the basis to partially understand her fictional representation of the human mind and surrounding world: "As I see it, chaotics represents more of a general outlook, a set of ideas describing the world, including literary texts, in ways used in a number of different disciplines. In chaotics, interdisciplinary links are often created with literary studies and literary theory" (Werner, 1999: 33)¹. Chaos Theory² becomes a possible key to decode(fy) a text that is literally framed within a complex net of intertextual cultural references, such as biology, narratology, structuralism, psychoanalysis and feminism together with scattered pieces of autobiographical information. In most of Diski's novels, life and fiction intertwine and the autobiographical experience lies at the origins of the British writer's intricate, and sometimes abject, representation of the human soul. Within this literary frame, the figure of the mother is not often depicted in a favourable light³, but, together with the darker side, the narrating voice usually transmits to the reader the multiple aspects of the (maternal) self. In order to better understand the British writer's literary production, we have to turn to her *Skating to Antarctica* (1997), an important source of information and Diski's autobiographical tale of a journey of discovery; a text she uses to revise and verbalize her childhood (whose distressing experiences are mirrored in those of Frances Laughton, the protagonist of *Like Mother*, and her family history) and the voluntarily lost relationship with her own (at some point sexually) abusive mother and prematurely deceased father⁴. In an interview Jenny Diski gave in 1991, she declares: "If you ask me to look back, I will tell you that yes, I was mad. And

¹ He only refers to Diski's *Rainforest* (1987), but his insights can be applied to most of her published work.

² Even if this critical standpoint can be useful from a theoretical perspective, Diski herself is quite ironic when it comes to Chaos Theory. See *Skating to Antarctica*, p. 22.

³ She explained in an interview with *The Guardian* in October 1991 that her most prominent childhood memory was of her mother repeatedly saying: "I wish you'd never been born. You're useless, you should have been strangled at birth" (Neary, 1992: 20)

⁴ Jenny Diski's mother died in 1988, as the writer's daughter discovered when she decided to look for her grandmother. She had been dead nine years when this occurred, and Diski had known nothing of her mother for the preceding twenty years.

yet, what I saw, I was seeing clearly, that's the unbearable part" (quoted in Neary, 1992: 22). In this sense and as Janina Nordius points out: "Jenny Diski's ... novels all explore the ontological boundaries of humanity" (1991: 442), and the "boundaries of humanity" are a complex realm to delve in. This epistemological complexity is also representative of Jenny Diski's multifaceted narrative. Her writing exists and develops on the brink of discourses and according to Michael Neary "...her novels are a cathartic process exorcising her own personal ghosts ... there is a very strong sense of self-reference" (1992: 21-2).

My essay will focus on Jenny Diski's daughter-mother's tale(s) in her novel *Like Mother* (1988). The Freudian and Lacanian psychoanalytic narratives of the mother and of feminine subjectivity are well known, and have been widely and brilliantly studied and questioned by feminist critics during the last three decades (Mitchell, 1974; Dinnerstein, 1976; Chodorow, 1981 [1999]; Hirsch, 1989; Benjamin, 1988; Ruddick, 1980; Gilligan 1982; Vegetti Finzi, 1996; Tubert, 1997)⁵. For these reasons, I will only dwell on the arguments that are most significant in my analysis of the (double) daughter-mother tale in *Like Mother*. I will not carry out a psychoanalytical reading of the text, my aim being to show how Diski literally uses the discourse(s) of psychoanalysis to transform these ideas into literature and give life to a fictional world that points towards transmitting the complexity of life itself as well as the relationship between subjectivity, creation, writing, life and death. The dual narrative of the daughter's tale of her mother and of her own story gets inscribed through a complex intertextual thread within the feminist reinterpretation of the Freudian narrative of the gendered self. It is theory transformed into fiction. I will mainly concentrate on the author's breaking of epistemological as well as narratological boundaries in a novel

⁵ My main objection is that Psychoanalysis, until very recently, has only studied the matrilineal connection in biologically related mothers and children, despite encompassing a relational construction of the gendered self. Silvia Tubert's work is, in this sense, illuminating. For a wider analysis of non-psychoanalytic contemporary theory on Motherhood and Mothering Theory, see my "La teoría feminista anglosajona contemporánea en torno a la maternidad. Una historia de luces y sombras" (*Discursos teóricos en torno a la(s) maternidad(es)*). Entinema: Madrid, 2005).

which is framed in-between discourses and that, at the same time, questions and relies on the feminist reading(s) of both motherhood and the mother-daughter relationship by using different voices and opposing theories to construct the whole text. Furthermore, the complex narratological organization of the book interrogates the boundaries between rationality and irrationality as well as between the real and the apparent (Nordius, 1991).

2. The redefinition of the mother-daughter narrative

The novel, structured around the story of the narrator -a brainless baby that her mother has refused to abort-, starts with a dialogue between this baby narrator (Nony, short for Nonentity)⁶ and an invented listener, an unusual character that is, nonetheless, instrumental in the readers' understanding of the developing text. These dialogues are followed by chapters in a third person narration which reconstruct the life of Frances Laughton, Nony's mother, and the disruptive relationship she had with her father and mother. In general terms, we can affirm that in Diski's narrators there is neither piety nor self-excuse, just the cold and objective thought that human beings are what they are, the result of their own history and their (for the most part, disruptive) relational context. Frances and Nony come to literary life because of Nony's tale, but above all because of the invented listener, as without it no story could be told and the *logos* could not transform Nony's (fictitious) psychic reality into fiction:

-...I have to have someone who can listen to the language I don't have. I need you to imagine the world I have to commence with.

-All right. That sounds like a reasonable basis for my existence. If you need me to listen to your story, I'm here.

-You haven't got any choice, you smug bastard. You're a captive audience.

-...Why don't you go on with your story?

⁶ "Frances had explained the name to her daughter the previous evening. 'You're going to be called Nony. It's short for Nonentity. But that's just between you and me. It'll be our little joke' (*Like Mother*, 9).

-*My mother's story* (LM, 18. My emphasis)

From the very beginning, Frances's and Nony's lives are intertwined (like life and death, as we find out) in a narrative that progressively discloses to the reader both characters and their experience of life, as well as their differing knowledge of daughterhood. The way the tale is organized and the way it relates to Frances's discomfort with whom she feels she is because of her family history, reminds us of what Marianne Hirsch, following Freud, calls the family romance: "By using the notion of family romance, I treat both motherhood and daughterhood as story -as narrative representation of social subjective reality and of literary conventions" (1989: 10). In the narrative of the family romance that underlies Frances's subjectivity, what strikes the reader is the detachment she demonstrates when she (through Nony) refers to both her parents: "Gerald and Ivy were not culpable, not cruel, only a little stupid, and thoughtless. For them, the past was over and done with, and the future a straight, uncomplicated path from the present. Generation after generation" (32) and "As she [Frances] had grown older, six, eight, ten, now, she began to see Ivy and Gerald more clearly as people who were inadequate to the task of living" (70). Frances Laughton, Nony tells us, does not reject the family narrative that has made her who she is; on the contrary, the narrator is willing to tell us that: "Frances took what she had learned from her parents; from Ivy, the protection afforded by attention to externals, politeness, correctness, an impregnable surface; from Gerald, disconnection, uninvolvedness, the capacity not to be there whether you were there or not" (81). Quite a blow to the feminist ideologies of celebratory mothering, while the psychoanalytic discourse that informs, among others, the cultural construction of this fiction, becomes an ironic tool to question the limits of our rational understanding of subjectivity itself. In her autobiographical *Skating to Antarctica*, the British writer is even more openly mordant toward psychoanalytically based mothering theories. In the following quotation, she wittingly refers to her own daughterly experience as a psychic subject with a hint of

sarcasm. It is quite an interesting testimony to partly understand the cultural construction of *Like Mother*:

But what about attachment? How could this primary maternal connection have passed me by? Clearly I was either fatally emotionally damaged goods, or I was in possession of the healthiest psyche since psychoanalytic annals began. There was another possibility. That I was plain bad, as heartless and unfeeling as my mother always supposed me to be (1997: 30).

When Linda Anderson in *Autobiography* (2001) refers to Feldman's reflections on the meaning of the testimony in the autobiographical narration, what she wants to put the accent on is the discursive location that testimonial narratives occupy within the thread of a wider understanding of autobiography itself. According to Feldman, testimony becomes real in-between the gaps, resistances and hesitations that arise in-between discourses. Testimonies relate the moment, not the whole: it is *such a* moment that gives real meaning to a determined life history. Now, *Like Mother* is neither a testimonial nor a political text -at least not in traditional terms- but, it *does* retain some of the discursive elements Anderson and Feldman talk about. In Diski's novel, Nony is both narrator of her own story and carrier of her mother's memories. She is her self and an/other, breaking in this way the structural unity of the narrative in order to stress the complex discursive location of the maternal and the daughterly selves and identities while, at the same time, openly (and apparently) challenging Kristeva's notions of the maternal *chora* and maternal abjection⁷. Diski's ambiguous as well as ironic references to Feminism, psychoanalysis, biology and narratology are instrumental to an understanding of the multiplicity of discursive practices which take part in subject formation. She seems to question the Lacanian narrative of the mother (as well as Kristeva's) when Nony claims: "Knowledge of my mother. Not thought, not language. Blood knowledge. Genetic information" (16) and presents a narrator with a clear sense of self-identity: Nony is perfectly conscious that she is *not* her mother, she is the one

⁷ "...what Kristeva calls abjection, the state of abjecting or rejecting what is other to oneself-and thereby creating borders of an always tenuous 'I'" (McAfee, 2004: 45)

who is telling *her mother's story* and that for a short span of time they share a common space ("I want to pass the time. I have nothing but the story of my mother to tell", 16). This is also stressed by the constant change of the use of the narrating voice, from the first person when Nony talks about herself -is the baby talking to her unconscious and so defying once more all the rules?- to the third person narration when she relates Frances's story. So much for abjection. The creature has a very clear sense of self and a close bond exists between Frances as a mother and her brainless baby narrator.

Another example of Jenny Diski's mastering of how discursive practices and intermingling disciplines function in subject formation is her constant reference to Biology -as representative of the real existence of earthbound rationality- to stress her characters' (frustrated) quest for order and (impossible) control over their lives in a desperate attempt to confront madness (Caporale-Bizzini, 2000). This can be seen as one of her fiction's nodal points: defining the boundaries between sanity and insanity only to discover that the line that separates the two dimensions is blurred and that we all belong in-between. Nony states it clearly in one of her conversations with her invented listener. In this particular section of one of the dialogues -again a clear sarcastic reference to psychoanalysis and more than a touch of biology- the listener wants to know more about Frances's background:

- You mean my mother's beginnings?
- Is there any better way of describing who a person is?
- You mean childhood, background, that kind of things? The arbitrary reproductive arrangements that determine character?
- That has to be an important part, doesn't it? A mixture of biology and history?
- The public and private cage of being?*
- You're very cynical for one so young (28. My emphasis)

Frances's disruptive experience as a daughter in *Like Mother* is mirrored in her own decision to become a mother and in her personal (uncanny and apparently emotionless, it must be said) experience of motherhood. In point of fact, mirrors are quite a significant (if not frequent) element in the narrative of Frances's subjectivity and

interiorization of her self as a divided one: the real (the one that nobody knows) and the apparent. When still a child, she looks at herself in the mirror and what she sees is the projection of her own mother's frustrated desires; Frances also discovers, at the same time, that she can resist the pressure of a disruptive mother-daughter relationship through the subversive potential of the *logos*: "Frances stared at herself in the mirror. She hated all of it: the dress, the shoes, the bow in the hair, the gloves ... She glared at the pretty, smiling child in the mirror and hesitantly, carefully, for the very first time, said: 'Fuck'" (47). What characterizes the relationship between Ivy and Frances as a child is, on the one hand, the daughter's discovering of what the world considers as real and of what *she* thinks it is: "Frances had a new problem at this point in her life. There was a split between the meanings of the words she used to describe herself and the way the world used them. And this confused her" (51). On the other hand, there also takes shape the rising consciousness of what, behind the mask of fake decorum, is the real world of her family history: "She saw her mother slumped back over a chair, her dead eyes staring, her mouth open, liquid spilling from the glass still clutched in her outflung arm..." (51).

Since the pioneering texts of Judith Mitchell's *Psychoanalysis and Feminism* and Nancy Chodorow's *The Reproduction of Mothering*, the daughter-mother relationship has been widely studied from multiple and differing viewpoints within Feminism. As we know, the mainstream is the reinterpretation of the Freudian narrative of the mother and her relationship with her daughters. In general terms, we can say that the common goal is the definition of a powerful maternal figure (Dinnerstein) and a matrilineal transmission of values and ethics, these two notions being broadly understood, depending on the intellectual standpoint, as the result of culture or as an essential part of the feminine self. All of this is both accepted and rejected (Benjamin, 1988) while being reformulated in Jenny Diski's novel, where Frances's and Nony's narratives must be analyzed at the same time, as one cannot be understood without the other. In the case of Frances, as already seen above, Ivy's impact on her daughter's life

is one of destruction and loss. This is not Nony's case, as her mother –with the aim of sparing her own child the kind of relationship she has suffered- decides to keep the baby in spite of her disability. While Ivy is psychologically abusive, the baby/narrator relates: “When my mother first held me in her arms, in the hospital, and the nurse had turned away to suppress the urge to put a pillow over my face, she whispered to me, ‘I won’t be able to do you any harm, little one. I can’t damage you. That’s my maternal gift to you’. If you are looking for sentiments from me, that would be where you’d find it” (43).

3. The maternal bond and the power of the *logos*

Dorothy Dinnerstein focuses on the importance of a close *physical* relationship between the baby and the mother. The emotional bonds (*primary love*) that the baby senses are also due to the closeness of bodies (the creature's and the maternal body); facial expressions, smell, touch –or lack of it- all help to build the baby's future positive or negative sense of (gendered) *self*. At the same time, there is a kind of ambiguity within this bond. On the one hand, we know that according to Dinnerstein, the warm relationship between the baby and the mother is the base for the future welfare of the individual but, on the other hand, the mother is also a powerful and menacing figure as she represents death as well as life: “This tie is the prototype of the tie to life. The pain in it, and the fear of being cut off from it, are prototypes of the pain of life and the fear of death” (Dinnerstein, 1976: 34). Silvia Vegetti Finzi in her *Mothering. Towards a New Psychoanalytic Construction* insists on this idea and points out that the child needs to negotiate with life and death in order to define her *self*. This negotiation is inscribed within what she calls “biological time” and “biographical time” (1996: 171). So, mother means life but also the presence of death. In *Like Mother*, and as we will see opposite to what she declares in *Skating to Antarctica*, Diski decides to play with the life-death duality in the literary non-autobiographical text; in order to do so, she relies, among

others, on Dinnerstein and her theorization of a powerful, sometimes deadly, motherly figure when sketching Frances and Ivy's bonding process in the pre-oedipal period. When still a baby, Frances learnt to be conscious of her mother's mood and expectations. She then uses this knowledge in the process of learning to become social, but she also learns to see her *self* as abject (not as Kristeva means it) and, eventually, she turns out to be self-destructive to oppose her mother's power: "She wanted to say to someone 'I am a person who doesn't care, doesn't feel, doesn't love or anything. That's what I am'" (145-46). The same is true for the physical bond, the bodily closeness that is the beginning of any sane self:

The body that brought the bottle was usually Ivy's and had its own familiar smell and feel that comforted, but there were detectable differences in it if it arrived in response to Frances's cries ... She cried as little as possible. Things, she discovered went more to her liking when she lay quietly and gurgled a little, and even better when she mimicked the long horizontal shape the others made with their mouths (40).

Now, if we read what Diski writes on this subject, irony and a certain disbelief are once again present in the autobiographical analysis of her own process of mother-attachment and add more confusion to the readers' efforts to decode the literary text:

There seems to be no limit to the reach and power of popular psychology. Everyone now knows that mothers are an essential item of equipment in any psyche, and that though relations with mothers may be difficult or even dreadful, attachment to them is mandatory. They also know, as a corollary that a denial of attachment is a failure to confront the reality of mother-attachment (1997: 21).

At this point, in order to come to terms with such a complex text, I will very briefly turn to one more reference to another famous fracture between Freudian theory⁸ and the feminist construction of the maternal figure: Chodorow's redefinition of the role that the pre-oedipal and the oedipal moments play in the child's future *self*. In

⁸ See Sigmund Freud's "On Sexuality"

The Reproduction of Mothering, the American psychologist states that the pre-oedipal phase, which in traditional as well as in feminist psychoanalysis, belongs to the mother as it is a pre-social phase, does not lose its significance; on the contrary, it is inscribed within and shapes the social understanding of the child:

During the early months, the child comes gradually to perceive the mother as separate and as “not me” ... At the same time, it begins to distinguish aspects of the maternal care and interaction with its mother and to be “able to wait for and confidently expect satisfaction”. This ... forms the basis for its experience of a self”... The second origin of the self is through demarcation from the object world ... *The development of the self is relational*. (Chodorow, 1999: 67-8. My emphasis).

Now, we have already gone through the first of the two mother-daughter narratives that are suggested in the text and seen how Diski plays with different theoretical approaches to give life to a deeply disruptive (and at some points autobiographical) family romance. But, what happens when the fulcrum of the story shifts towards the second of the two narratives? Apparently, the Frances-Nony relationship is represented as redeeming and embedded in a worldview close to Chodorow’s analysis, but in fact it is deeply rooted in death and negation. In Frances’s mind and quest for self-destruction, mother and daughter exist as long as the other exists; in her morbid and macabre interpretation of togetherness, the mother-daughter bond takes shape and is meaningful as long as it leads to death. In this final catharsis, Frances openly admits that her psychic void had been filled only when pregnant and that, once the baby was born, brainless and undemanding of her love, she had felt partially emptied and stripped of the fullness she had been looking for all her life. When the doctors tell her she has cancer, she decides not to go on treatment as the disease brings her back to a deadly inclusiveness:

She didn’t feel empty any more. She never had been; it was only that she had been excluded. It had all been there, waiting, right from the very beginning, from

before the beginning ... She would let the cancer grow and bloom inside her like a flower, filling the space that Nony had evacuated. Time was running out for all of them; they would reach their conclusion. Everything would be all right (187).

4. Writing my (mother's) story

Another question that complicates the reading of *Like Mother* –and is representative of Diski's intricate understanding of human relations- is the chosen narrator. Why is this text told by a brainless baby? The complexity of this apparently simple question is once more symbolic of the density of Jenny Diski's narrative. The narrated story belongs to the narrator's mother, a literate and cultivated person, not the kind of person that fits into the traditional depiction of the mother as body; neither can her discourse be defined as the Freudian feminine irrational childish "babble". She could tell her own story, which is instead narrated by her daughter, who paradoxically happens to be a brainless baby. A baby that as the doctors explain to Frances: "No brain, at least not in any human sense ... The autonomic system is functioning; it can breathe, eat, maintain its temperature, digest, excrete, everything any living organism has to do to stay alive. But it cannot hear, feel, or see. It won't ever think or experience anything" (13).

Up to a point –and due to Nony's perfect mastering of rational language- we can follow Kristi Siegel's reflections on autobiographical writings⁹ when inscribed within a traditional Freudian frame of thought, her theory partly suggesting a tentative answer. Siegel, in her study *Women's Autobiographies, Culture, Feminism*, reminds us that: "In Freudian configuration, since the mother cannot access the symbolic order and phallic

⁹ *Like Mother* is not an autobiographical text, but, as explained before, due to Diski's indirect use of autobiographical experiences in her novels, I personally think that Siegel's point can be of use. Michael Neary writes: "Like many writers, her novels are a by-product of her life ... Without doubt, the strongest influence on this life has been her mother; although not as the traditional fountain of love, encouragement and comfort but rather in the same way that the American film industry can be said to have been influenced by the Vietnam War" (1992: 20) and "

power, this site of power and language belongs to the father alone who thus occupies ‘the privileged site of origin and social meaning, while it constructs the mother as a voiceless and potentially deceptive enclosed space where mysteries of multiple voice are uncoded in a language no one can read’ (Heller paraphrasing Freud, 32-3)” (1999: 2). Now, Siegel –whose aim is to analyse the differences in autobiographies written by daughters and by mothers- suggests that the daughter’s autobiographical tale, in traditional terms, reflects the language of the father as the mother is understood as body and not mind: “A mother is a body. A body does not think. Intellectuals -graduate students, faculty, writers- think- A woman –as a graduate student or a professor- writes, talks, produces, *thinks* from the position of a daughter, that is, from the position of a female body still unencumbered enough to think” (37). An intriguing theory, but when it comes to *Like Mother* we realize that it partially applies to our novel as we soon discover that Diski is experimenting with the reader by problematizing all narratological boundaries: “On the metanarratological level there is a displacement of the ordinary ‘either-or’ logic by a ‘both-and-neither’ logic” (Nordius, 1991: 449). Once more, the writer situates herself in-between discourses, using and rejecting ideas, playing with the readers as life sometimes does, confusing the rational boundaries of accepted academic interpretations of the Real and of the psyche, shifting in her novels from a traditional frame of thought to another which represents an opposite point of view (but rejecting both when it comes to relating her personal experience). As we have seen, Nony is always her-self, she does not need to separate from her mother and she does not suffer the trauma of separation at the same time that her pre-oedipal perception of the Real seems to be rational enough to make sense of both her and her mother’s life stories. Within this context, Nony can then be read as a resisting subject, a subject that voices her own mother’s experience in order to define her own self. She does not reject the mother, she understands her tragedy, but she also realizes that *she* will be *one* only after Frances’s death. That’s her chance. There is then a separation, but in this act of independence the daughter does not disallow the mother; on the contrary, Frances’s

subjectivity takes shape through and within language. By acting as a resisting subject, Nony is also resisting the Freudian childish babble and demonstrating that her *logos* is important, defying the irrational discourse on the mother. By retaining and articulating at the same time the narrative of the pre-oedipal period in a creature's life, Nony overcomes the law of the father: "Of course I had a father. It's just that he wanted me dead. I can understand that. Everyone did, except Mother. It makes her a little special to me. But I'm coming to that" (167).-

It is only at the end of the novel that we discover that this act of resistance has also been carried out through writing, in an attempt to resist madness and apparently to order a scattered perception of self. On the one hand, we have Nony's oral tale, and on the other, Frances's (written) stories: "She glanced at the contract lying on the table, and pulled it towards her. I can sign it now, she thought. The date of publication was projected for nine months ahead. She had been waiting, she realized. Now that the last piece of the puzzle had clicked into place. How perfect, how sensible everything was. How right" (186). The circle is then complete, mother and daughter have come to terms with who they are, one through the *logos*, the other through a narrative that the reader can only imagine. An apparently perfect -and deadly- fusion of the mother-daughter tale. This would be a perfectly constructed ending, a meeting point for the real and the apparent, the unconscious and the conscious selves, life and death, the rational and the irrational, mother and daughter. But Jenny Diski dislocates the reader once more right at the very last page of the novel. The last dialogue acknowledges life over death: the mother has decided to let herself die and succumb to self-destruction and alienation, but the daughter is alive and this time is ready to tell her own story. Will she ever become a mother?

-Do you want to tell me something?

-Yes.

-Yes?

-I want to tell you a story.

-A story?

-*My story. It's the only one I know.*

-Go ahead, I'm listening (190. My emphasis)